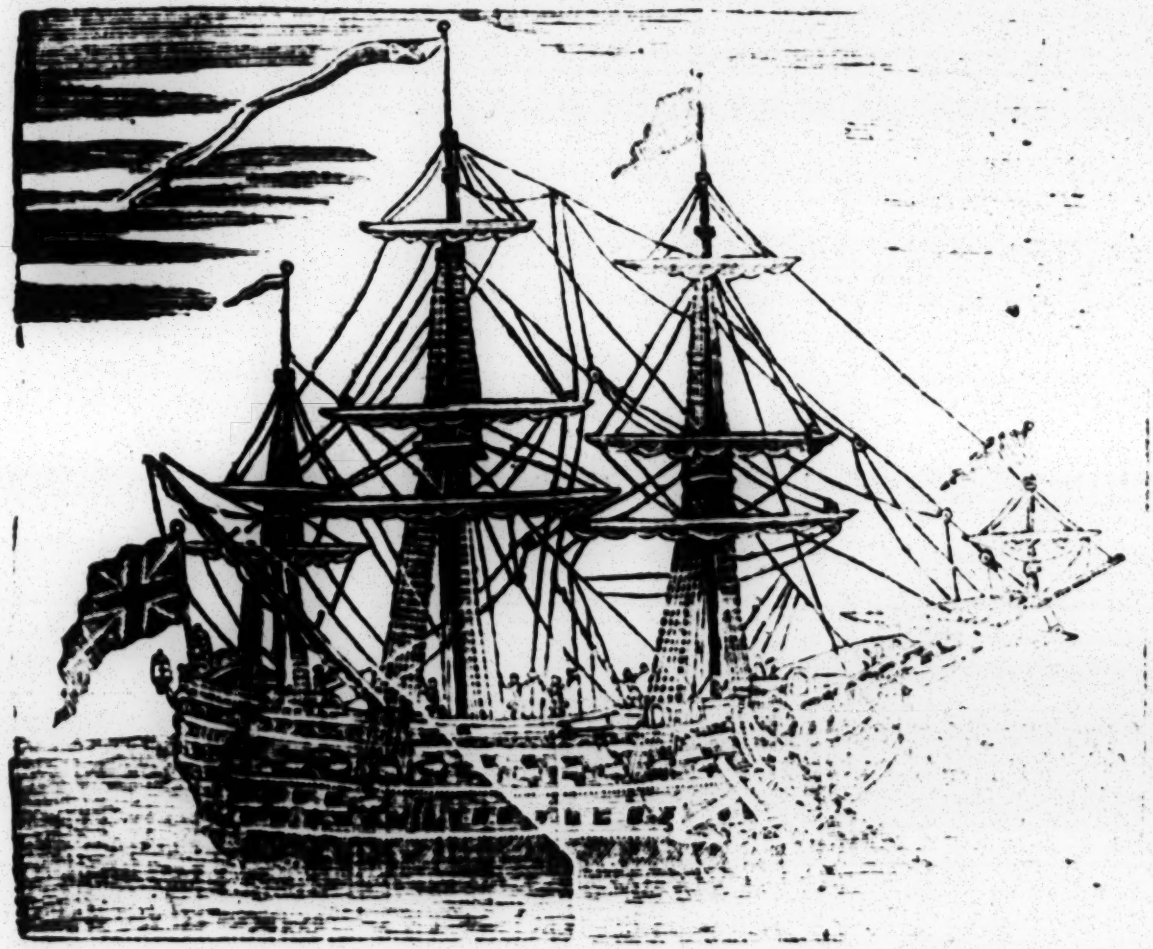
56.

A Famous SEA-FIGHT,

BETWEEN

Captain Ward and the Rainbow.



STRIKE up you lusty gallants,
With music beat of drum,
For we have got a Rover
Upon the sea is come:
His name is Captain Ward,
Right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a Rover,
Found out these thousand years.

For he hath sent unto the King,
The sixth of January,
Desiring that he may come in,
With all his company,
And if the King will let me come,
Till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom,
Full thirty ton of gold.

O nay, O nay, then said the King,
O nay that must not be,
To yield to such a Rover,
Myself will not agree.

He hath deceiv'd the Frenchmen,
Likewiſe the King of Spain,
Then how can he be true to me,
Who has been falſe to twain,
Wiſh that the King provided,
A ſhip of worthy fame,
The Rainbow ſhe is called,
If you would know her name.

And now the gallant Rainbow,
She rolls upon the ſea,
Five hundred gallant ſeamen,
To keep her company,
The Dutchmen and the Spaniards,
She made them for to flee,
Alſo the bonny Frenchmen,
As ſhe met on the ſea.

When as the gallant Rainbow,
Did come where he did lie,
Where is the captain of that ſhip.
The Rainbow ſhe did cry.
O that am I, ſays Capt. Ward,
There's one bids me lie,
And if thou art the King's fair ſhip,
Thou'rt welcome unto me.

I'll tell thee what, ſaid the Rainbow,
Our King is in great grief,
That thou ſhould'ſt lie upon the ſeas,
And play the errant thief.
You will not let our Merchantmen,
Paſs as they did before;
Such tidings to our King is come,
Which grieves his heart full ſore.

With that this gallant Rainbow,
She ſhot out of her pride,
Full fifty good braſs pieces,
Charged on every ſide.
And yet theſe gallant ſhooters,
Prevailed not a pin,
Tho' they were braſs on the outſide,
Brave Ward was ſteel within.

Shoot on, Shoot on, ſaid Captain Ward,
Your ſport well pleaſeth me,
And he that firſt gives over,
Shall yield unto the ſea.

I never wrong'd an Engliſh ſhip,
But Turk and King of Spain,
Likewiſe the blackguard Dutchmen,
Which I met on the main:
If I had known your king,
But two or three days before,
I would have ſav'd Lord Eſſex's life,
Whoſe death doth grieve me ſore.

Go tell the king of England,
Go tell him this from me,
If he reigns king of all the land,
I will reign king at ſea.
With that the gallant Rainbow,
She ſhot and ſhot in vain,
Then left the Rover's company,
And home return'd again.

Our royal King of England,
Your ſhip's return'd again,
For Captain Ward he is ſo ſtrong,
He never will be ta'en.
Oh! everlaſting ſaid the King,
I have loſt jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the ſea,
And brought proud Ward to me,

The firſt was Lord Clifford,
Great Earl of Cumberland,
The ſecond was Lord Mountjoy.
As you ſhall underſtand.
The third was brave Lord Eſſex,
From field would never flee;
Who would have gone unto the ſea.
And brought proud Ward to me.